

The Climate of Africa.

With the exception of the sea coast very little is known of the climate of Africa. The sea coast is evidently less destructive than formerly, probably from a better knowledge of it and more precaution for the preservation of life. Notwithstanding the number of vessels trading to that coast has greatly increased within a few years, the number of deaths among the crews is less than it was when not half as many were employed in the traffic; and an African trader now does not average a greater loss of life than a West India trader did twenty years ago. The health of the colony at Liberia has also much improved, and from all accounts the climate there is as good as any in the torrid zone. Concerning the interior of the country little or nothing is known; it is almost a perfect blank to the European world, but there is reason to suppose that it is in many parts very populous.

The British government which is indefatigable in its explorations and efforts to open intercourse with new countries has recently made an attempt to become more familiarly acquainted with what is called the "Highlands of Ethiopia," by despatching an embassy of 32 persons to the Christian King of Suva, in Southern Abyssinia. The embassy left Bombay in a steamer, and after nine days passage reached Aden, an English possession, once an opulent city of the East, now a miserable place with little or no trade. Crossing the Arabian Gulf they embarked at Fagira for their destination, and with the view of ascertaining the character of the Slave trade of the interior which appears to be carried on more extensively than was originally imagined. Captain Harris who was at the head of the mission says:—

"Agriculture there is none. Every man is a merchant, and makes himself sufficiently rich on his extensive slave exportations, to import from other climes the produce he requires. An extensive traffic is carried on with Aussa and Abyssinia, in which nearly all are engaged at some period of the year. Indian and Arabian manufactures, pewter, zinc, copper and brass wire, beads, and salt in large quantities are at these islands marts exchanged for slaves, grain, ivory, and other products of the interior—salt and human beings forming however, the chief article of traffic."

Of the brighter heat of the climate, the description may convey a faint idea:—

"During the whole of this appalling day, with the mercury in the thermometer standing at 126° under the shade of cloaks and umbrellas—in a suffocating pandemonium, depressed 570 feet below the ocean, where no zephyr fanned the fevered skin, and where the glare arising from the sea of white sand was most painful to the eyes, where the furnace like vapor exhaled, almost choking, created an insupportable thirst, and not the smallest shade or shelter existed, save such as was afforded, in cruel mockery by the stunted boughs of the solitary leafless acacia, or worse still by black blocks of heated lava, it was only practicable, during twelve tedious hours, to supply to each of the party two quarts of the most mercuric brick dust colored fluid, which the dire necessity could alone have forced down the parched throat, and which, after all, far from alleviating thirst served materially to augment its insupportable horrors."

Of the slaves we have the following account:—

"Nine tenths were females, varying in age from 6 to 13 years, and were all clad alike in dirty cotton smocks of Abyssinian manufacture, adorned in some instances with cuffs of blue calico. Their long dark tresses elaborately greased, were plaited into thin cords, with tassels at the extremity, and interwoven about the head with a band of colored thread, to which was suspended a distinguishing cluster of cowry shells. Bead necklaces, pewter ear-rings, bracelets and anklets, decorated the persons of the prettiest; and these ornaments forming the stock in hand of the trader, are invariably transferred to some victim hereafter to be purchased. Each slave was provided with a cruse of water and walked the entire distance, accompanied from the heart of Africa, with an endurance that, in children, especially, of such tender youth, was truly surprising."

The Solar System.

Some notion may be obtained of the comparative size of the principal objects in the solar system, by supposing a globe of two feet diameter, placed in the centre of a level plain, to represent the sun; a grain of mustard seed, placed at a distance of 82 feet would represent Mercury; a pea, at a distance of 142 feet would give a representation of Venus; another pea, not perceptibly larger, at a distance of 215 feet, would represent the Earth, the scene of man's existence, his cares, his ambition, and his glory; Mars is less dignified still, for a pin's head placed at a distance of 627 feet, would afford a true representation of its comparative size; and four minute grains of sand, at a distance of 500 feet, would convey some conception of the position and size of Vesta, Ceres, Pallas, and Juno; a moderate-sized orange at a quarter of a mile, would represent Jupiter; a smaller orange at nearly half a mile, represent Saturn, and the far-off planet Herschel, dwindle into a cherry, moving at a distance of three-quarters of a mile from the central globe representing the sun. [Dr. Nichol's Lecture on Astronomy.]

Let us not be insanely confident of the permanence of our institutions. Let us not imagine that our Republic will be preserved by a miracle. Republics have fallen in days gone by—splendid, powerful Republics. The crash of their fall echoes on the ear of ages. We may see their ruins now, magnificent even in decay. Like causes will produce like effects, the wide world over, and through all time. Let us not rest upon the glorious promises of the past nor its memorable deeds. Let us not think our cause impregnable, because it was hitherto with prayer, because great men, like Penn and Washington were its pioneers. It is just as durable as Virtue, as Principle, as reverence for Right is durable in the hearts of the People. It has no roots in the ashes of the dead. It lives in the vital force of the acting generation—it lives with their morality, their truth, their righteousness—it dies where these die out. Let these dwindle and rot, and we are sure to perish as ever a nation perished in the past. And with all our advantages and all our anticipations of the future, of the good of our fall, others will clap their hands at us, and hiss, and wag their heads, saying, "Is this the land of great experiments and lofty principles—of glorious promise and unpreceded opportunities?" [Chapin's sermon.]

Female Smoking in Syria.

Smoking in the East is much more gentlemanly, nay, even lady like process, than it is with us, where the simple act of making a chimney of one's mouth, and that often a smoky one, is neither embellished nor poetized, by inhaling the vaporously perfumed by the sweet rose water of the babbling marghili, or pleasantly cooled in its passage through the long cherry tube, which, clothed in silken garments, and embellished with gold, is surmounted with the jeweled mouth piece of rich, smooth and unspotted amber. Under these circumstances, the sight of the chibouque in the fair hands of the sleepy, dark-eyed Syrian beauty is far from repulsive, and as she languishingly reclines on rich Persian carpets, or is voluptuously embedded in the flexible tube marghili with all the ease, grace, and nonchalance displayed by the Spanish senorita, in the unrivaled management of the cooling *Abencero*, or fan—whirl in her majestic grasp, the richly adorned jassamine, or chery stick of the chibouque becomes a fairy wand, gracefully wielded at the will and pleasure of the enchantress. [Col. Napier's Reminiscences of Syria.]

Locomotive.

We copy the following from the Railway Chronicle. It is communicated by J. B. Coiter. He describes the machine as propelled by condensed air; this if successful, will make a wonderful change for the better. "I cannot express in sufficiently strong terms my gratification and astonishment when I was placed by the inventor on his carriage, which he immediately put in motion, and gradually increased its speed until it attained a rate of more than thirty miles an hour. This engine was brought out last March, and the trial I witnessed took place on the left bank of the Versailles railroad. During its progress I examined the working of the machinery with the greatest attention, and almost every part appeared admirably adapted to its purposes. The only fault I perceived was in the workmanship of the pumps and pistons, which I must admit are not of the first order, a defect that would at once be remedied in this country. M. Andran's first experiments were made in 1840, and he has since followed them up with the greatest assiduity and success. The engine runs on the rails with perfect ease, without noise, fire, smoke, or danger. The recipient is a beautiful piece of workmanship. The air with which it is charged is conveyed by copper pipes to the regulator, then to the dilator, and from it to the cylinders. To put the carriage in motion the stop-cock is turned; to cause a reverse movement you have only to press on a button, which changes the action of the slide valves, and the engine is backed."

[Mark Lane (London) Express.]

Strength of the Sword Fish.

The barque Royal Archer arrived at Maryport in England, a few weeks since from Africa, and on the passage was pierced beneath the starboard bow by an enormous sword fish, which animal left a considerable portion of his sword in the bottom of the vessel. She was hauled up for repairs, and the following particulars were ascertained:—

"After some time had been spent in cutting out the plank that had been pierced, it was eventually removed, along with the sword, when it was ascertained that the monster had left about 16 inches of that formidable weapon sticking in the timber of the ship, independent of about 3-1/2 inches which projected from the outside of the vessel, but had by some means or other been broken off; so that altogether the fierce assailant of the vessel had lost about 19-1/2 inches of its weapon in this attack on the Royal Archer, which it had, no doubt, mistaken for a whale, or some other large fish with which it had determined to wage war. On examination it was ascertained the sword had penetrated through two sheathings of copper, through an oak plank 2-1/2 inches thick, and striking against one of the timbers, which was also oak, and 8 inches thick, penetrated it to the depth of 2 inches, when it split, and the weapon passed on towards the ceiling, which consisted at that place of plank of about 2 inches in thickness! It will thus be seen that the sword, or weapon had passed through two thicknesses of copper, the felt, a 3-1/2 inch oak plank, penetrated one of the timbers to the depth of 2 inches (at which point it split) and passing onwards finally perforated the ceiling, consisting of a plank about 2 inches thick, the end protruding nearly an inch into the hold of the vessel! Had not this singular circumstance been witnessed, it might have been considered utterly impossible for any marine monster, however bulky or rapid might be its motions in its native element, to drive its weapon with such force as to pierce the copper, plank and timber in the manner we have described. Indeed, it was allowed by those who beheld the operation, that no ball discharged from a gun, at even so small a distance, would have pierced the vessel to the same extent as this fish had done by a single stroke! The weapon consisted of bone, and was of an oval form, being two inches across on the upper and lower side, and about one inch and a half thick, making the circumference about seven inches. The weapon tapered gradually towards its extremity, but was not particularly sharp at the point."

Three Kang Outang.

A female Kang Outang, arrived at this port on Friday last, in the brig Thunderbolt, from Africa. She is very docile and intelligent, and attracts much attention. As to her accomplishments she is something of a painter, for a few days ago she possessed herself of a paint pot and brush, and mounting the rigging proceeded to display her artistic powers on canvas leaving a specimen of her skill, which is still visible, on one of the crow's. She can also draw well, as is evident from the crowds who flock to see her. She can smoke a cigar with all the grace of a Spanish lady, and tender it from her own mouth to that of any gentleman standing near, as politely as though versed in all the accomplishments of the French school. She is also something of a housewife, and a disciple of the manual labor school, for she can help herself to coffee and draw water from a pump as readily as any of the biped race without tails. In short, we do not relate all her wonderful qualities lest they be deemed incredible. [Salem Gazette.]

A Curiosity.

We learn that a gentleman of this city, recently returned from Europe, has brought with him a canary bird, the gift of a friend, which distinctly sings two waltzes—the Hunter's Chorus in Der Freischütz, and a Waltz of Beethoven's. This wonderful little cantatrice was instructed by a blind flute player, and one of his other accomplishments is said to be beating time with its foot while singing. Instances of birds taught a few bars of a very simple melody are not uncommon, but cultivation to the exceedingly rare. [Philadelphia American.]

The amount of United States Treasury Notes outstanding on the first of August, was \$2,169,987 50.

MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1844.

LECTURES ON PHRENOLOGICAL, or the Art of Improving the Mind, by a New System of Mnemonics. We take pleasure in announcing the fact, that Mr. B. F. Parsons, a pupil of the celebrated Professor Garrison, will, in the course of a few weeks, introduce to the good citizens of Augusta the above science. He proposes to deliver a course of six Practical Lectures, of about one hour each. Time, place and terms, will be made public hereafter, as well as a particular account of the objects of the lectures and the principles of the science. Mr. Parsons comes highly recommended by the author of this system, many talented gentlemen and the public press.

The Massachusetts Ploughman copies with approval, an excellent bit of poetry, entitled, *The World is a Farm*, but says it don't know where it originated. Now if brother Buckminster will look over his files of the Central New York Farmer, he will find that it was written by our correspondent L. W., and will of course give the proper credit.

We copied the above named poetry, and gave "the proper credit." If Br. Constock of the Central N. Y. Farmer, will take the trouble to look into the July number of his journal, he will find an article headed *Full Fodder for Cows*, copied from the Maine Farmer, without "the proper credit"; and also another, in the August number, entitled, *Female Influence and Energy*, which was written by our passed Devil—and seeing this, he "will of course give the proper credit."

"Every breeze whispers change."

We have not looked into a political paper for a month or more, whether Democratic or Whig, but our eye has met the above quoted sentence, placed as a caption over long lists of renunciations of "Federalism," "Locofocoism," or "Clayism," and "Polkism," as politicians and partizan prints cognomen the doctrines and principles advocated by one another. Indeed, if we may credit the statements proclaimed and published to the world in these journals, there appears to be an extensive "coming out from among the enemy" on both sides—a real "turn coat" fever—and if it should continue to rage up to the approaching Presidential election, both the great political parties will have "turned themselves wrong side out"—the Democrats will have become Whigs, and the Whigs, Democrats—there will scarcely be a "grease spot" left of either, as they now stand. Both parties, to all appearance, are sure of coming off in the coming contest—both are confident of coming off the field of battle with "victory" inscribed upon their waving banners—one sings,

"With Dallas and Young Hickory,
We press on to victory!"

and the other,

"Hurrah! the people are rising!
For Clay and Frelinghuysen."

"Mass meetings" are held all over the country, from one end of the Union to the other, on which occasions "thousands and thousands of the hard-fisted, honest yeomanry"—the present "barns and sinews of the country"—the "sun-burnt farmers and the iron-nerved mechanics and the hardy day-laborers," "Great and convincing speeches" are made by political leaders and office aspirants in behalf of the "dear people," and "patriotic and spirit-stirring songs" are sung, &c. One party calls the other the "workingman's foe," and vice versa—one makes out and proves beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the other is made up in part of a set of political blood-suckers and mountebanks, and the other is equally successful in proving themselves innocent and their opponents guilty of the charge. So they go. They thrust the political dagger at each other, and drive it to the hilt, as fiercely as a band of pirates or robbers would fight for gold or life,—and the way they throw the "paper bullets of the brain," is a caution to all moderate and calm men to stand aloof from the battle, and "keep cool," unless they desire to be shot down in the twinkling of an eye, or wish to be denounced as either knaves or shallow-pates. You must "touch not, handle not, taste not," if you have the faintest wish to preserve unscathed your good character and be deemed honest and upright men. Take "either horn of the dilemma" you please, and you will surely be set down as being in the wrong. Both are confident that they are in the right, and therefore are resolved to go ahead, and such a political dust as is now being kicked up, we have seldom witnessed. As long as they lusted, relative to sections to their ranks.

"The cry is still, they come!"

Well, let them "go it" as hard as they please, but "as for us and our house we will"—keep steady—look out for the calves and the lambs, and the good women.

THE IRISHMAN AND THE SKUNK.

A clever son of the Emerald Isle, who, a few years since, lived some thirty or forty miles up the river, once espied a skunk, and having never seen one before, and admiring his personal appearance, thought that, if possible, he would catch and bring the beastly home for a show; but after an unsuccessful trial, he came to the wise conclusion that it was best to give it up, as he did not fancy very much the mode of "defecation" in common practice among that genus of "varmints." He thus related to a friend his ideas of the animal.

"Och! pon me soul, the queerest feathered, four-legged fowl in all America! Is your divilish Yankee skunked. Sawcy, impudent beast! Last night, just after dark, a little before sun-set, while hunting in the hollow after in a cown, one of them rascal Yankee skunks—a beauty of a fowl—a little more black than white, and a little more white than black, and as tame as any wild animal—and me took after him, with a bit of a shillalah in my hand, and the first stroke at him, och! how sweet he did smell! Pon me soul, you'll not catch me after another of them fowls this many a day."

We learn that, on Sunday afternoon last, just as the good ministers had commenced their sermons, in the several churches in Gardiner, an alarm of fire was given—the flocks deserted their shepherds, ran to the rescue, but were not in season to check the devouring element, until after a dwelling house and barn were consumed. We have not learned the sufferer's name.

The Somerset People's Press states that that deadly enemy to the farmer, the *weevil*, has been quite busy, the present season, in some of the wheat fields in that region, doing great damage.

Elections have lately been held in North Carolina, Alabama, Louisiana and Kentucky. We shall give the result of the voting in each State, as soon as we can come at the truth. At present both parties are shouting "victory!"

Letters from Dr. Treat—No. 2.

BUFFALO, ERIC CO., N. Y.

The poor are provided for at Alms Houses for the county at large, not as well as we could wish, but as well (says the philanthropist Miss Dix,) as our neighbors, and by an Orphan Asylum, supported by private subscription and what the *Ladies Fair* and other efforts yield, as managed by these true sisters of charity. During mid-winter for past few years, a soup house has been opened to provide for needy poor, who with us are peculiarly exposed to want, inasmuch as the business season closes with the freezing of the Lake and Canal, and is not resumed until mid April, and many emigrants are arrested in their westward course by closure of navigation.

Our public houses (hotels) will compare with most any in the Union, and are probably more numerous when compared with the population. One of these, of some fame, was built by "Rathburn," is furnished magnificently with carpets, carving and other furniture, equalling the fabled east room at Washington, and some days this present month, registers 150 new names, and the baggage passes out and in by the cord. These houses are well sustained, and their number is increasing in each succeeding year to meet the wants of a city which commands the principal thoroughfares for western migration, with a continuous inland water communication from N. Y. city to New Orleans 7 months in the year, and a railway route uninterrupted, from Portland in its State to our city and the Lake shore, with its various ramifications.

We regret the activity of Boston Harbor during the interregnum of the ice-king, save substituted steamboats, unrivaled for their splendor, in place of their ships. From these avenues are poured into, through and out our city, a swarm of westward tending adventurers, the tourists for the Lakes or Niagara, &c., crowding the steamboats which arrive and depart each day, plying in their 5 to 7 days' route to Chicago, knowing a speed of from ten to fourteen miles each hour, aside from other modes of conveyance by Lakes, by brig and schooners, averaging in some weeks 3000 tons daily.

Our docks present an activity in the shipment and transhipment of produce and manufactures, never witnessed elsewhere. Our harbor is filled to its utmost capacity, with vessels of varied tonnage, and our city called loudly—and have had that call in part answered by the last Congress, and \$40,000 for help to increase its size or construct an outer harbor to answer their wants and thus withhold their productive interests from being diverted into John Bull's channels by the Canadian rivers, Welland ship canal, Lake Ontario, and the river St. Lawrence."

In manufactures we are far in the rear of our neighbors and eastern cities. Cabinet ware, much of it of black walnut, is shipped west. White lead is also made here to some extent, and although an infant establishment promises much, to which establishment the manufacture of lead pipe is to be soon added. A movement has been made, if not consummated, which will result in our commencing the manufacture of cotton. We trow, and we are a "guessing" Yankee, woolen cheap fabrics promise better, if undertaken, (and this way is rumor it will be), as this staple now wends its way to the Atlantic and a market. Having spoken of steamboats in our commerce, I should add that we manufacture a *feetle* iron, and can occasionally build a boat of this material for Government purposes, buying the pigs abroad, to say nothing of patent *stores* and large *kettles*, the one promising to save fuel, and of course, money, and the other trying with them to lighten pockets, all the *light* stove inventors vouchsafe for good money, leaving us in utter darkness were not ready to apply the law of compensation in converting running pigs to lighting purposes, so that with him that now runs, to-morrow we may read, though not to speak ill of such light, it be but indifferently.

Our population are of a motley breed, not to say hue. Their *tongues* are of one half extracted from John Bull's ancient and revolutionary stock—of course they are *neals* tongue—the other half may be subdivided into fifths, of which three are of Dutch origin, one of recent British, (mostly Irish) and the remainder of French, African and American descent. The Anglo-American half have much of the enterprise of New England, most of them originating there or in eastern New York. The "heavier" merchants and most of the professions are made up of them. The professional men differ somewhat from those among you in that the strongest have been inured to manual labor, and not effeminated in a college hot-bed, and have just such minds as could not be kept dormant while others about them were making rapid advances. With strong native minds, they are shrewd and far reaching, ever characteristic of the self educated, they will compare with the professions in any other section of the country, though their early training in King's English, shews a defect in their occasional trial, as respects *words*—(a language of schools)—in matters of fact (*things*), they are sure footed. The merchants are guided in their business to the utmost, eight months in the year—I speak of the wholesale dealer and forwarder, the last buying and shipping on commission—the remaining months are tenor of leisure. The retailer pursues the even tenor of his way, though his occupation, like the profession, is overstocked, more so than most New England towns.

But in the Dutch population, have we the faithful plodding class, not fitful in speculation and trade, somewhat clannish, occupying almost exclusively, one section of our city. More than a fair average are small grocers, ever ready "to turn a penny," and threatening, like a Swiss April avalanche, to overshadow all others in the accumulation of this world's gear, not by active business operations, but by living up to the maxim "a penny saved is two pence clear." We have daily fund of anecdote in illustration of this. They are our chief gardeners, supplying the green sauce of our market at such rates as their European habits have accustomed them to, and the "suspense" a day is an equivalent for labor of a browned Frau who cultivates a little patch, while *der Mann* is ready to turn a hand to anything, though not "smart" or ingenious as laborers, and therefore not preferred where the Irish can be had. I have known Dutch women, aside from the care of raising, traverse the streets "from early morn to dewy eve," to make sale of some half dozen heads of large cabbages, total value 12-1-2 cents, and return with her gain, and this repeated day by day; they "makes money" also, to walk 12 or 30 miles by night, to sell 15 or 20 cents worth of berries, gathered the preceding day, and return content—

"* Our harbor in capacity, is like as two peas to the Cabotage stream on the Kennebec, save that we have more depth of water."

With such compensation for cabbages, some have turned their attention to rearing flowers, and a bouquet can be purchased as choice, partly, and yet as fragrant as an alderman's dinner, for six cents. How they are enabled to live, and rear a family upon such means, was a mystery, until I discovered upon their fare to be brown or oatmeal bread, legumes, potatoes, cabbage and the like, and if graced with meat, sausages, which every Dutch man has in store. These feeders are not oppressively poor; they accumulate! Indeed it is written in the statistics of the city, that applications for charity from them, is as 1 to 7 of the Irish, notwithstanding their relative number is much larger, perhaps 10 times—their charities one to the other are not so extended as the Irish one to each other, but they are better skilled in street begging, for object to keep a cow and a litter of pigs upon the "cold charities."

To one unaccustomed to the sight, the people are subjects of much curiosity, and the "live Yankee," with all his reputed shrewdness cannot "beat the Dutch."

We have frequent accessions to this population from the "Fader-lande," a strong hardy race, the women rather more so than the men—bonnetless, and dress reminding of the pictorial illustrations in the school geography. The wearing of heavy wooden shoes, with vamps without quarters, and their chlopp-clopp over the pave, and the dexterity with which they are moved without falling from the foot, are matters of surprise, not to say astonishment.—They carry enormous burthens on their head, requiring often two of the stoutest to place or remove them. We have in mind one who cursed our streets, freighted with three baskets of eggs, one upon the head, and one in each hand, and presume her cargo arrived safe, though I was alarmed much for the future generation of chickens. Yet have many of these, (not chickens, but "dame Parlets") all the accomplishments and more of the substantial than a New England belle, and are not vain of them. I have had occasion, frequently, to employ them in my daily round of engagements, as interpreters, and so proficient were they, that acting as translators of Dutch into English for me, they will administer a reproof to their noisy children, in French, with the same rhyme! These are chiefly from the borders of the Rhine, and adhere to the mother tongue, in teaching their children, saying, as for English, they "catch that fast enough!" I have had curiosity to put to them the query, "when dreaming, in what language do you clothe your thoughts?" and receive answer "in the language which the person speaks, of whom we dreamed."

Standing near the Court House, the border land for Dutch, English and French language, you will hear their languages, with all the characteristics in use by the passers by. I should have dignified the Dutch language by the German name, were there not two or more dialects, and such their difference, that they were once revealed to me ludicrously, in the pantomime coming mingling with recently obtained English for help, in a meeting of a high Dutch bean, and a low Dutch belle, in their efforts, made for "a mutual understanding."

The Irish are employed chiefly as laborers in the canals, and are like the laboring Irish the world over. The cross cuts and side slips of the canals, over which are thrown bridges, keep the Dutch residents in remembrance of the old country, with its frequent dikes, and serve, like the "barrel of earth," taken by the "green hand" to sea, to prevent homesickness.

The French are a comingling of Rhineland Dutch, not well to be distinguished in dialect. The "colored folks" are mostly fugitive slaves and their progeny, who have come to the borders of that country, where

"—to reach, his shackles fall."

and Queen Victoria gains so many "free and enlightened subjects." Each one of them has hair-breadth's escape to relate of master and missus of the "chivalric south, and accessions to their number are constantly being made, who report themselves each week to the Abolition Society "as fresh from Virginia," or as coming from "down south," having crossed the Ohio. They bear many of them the traces of a blending of the "white and the ebony," and there are four men of *Othello* color, within a short distance of where I am seated, who have wives to match; recently I asked one how he came so to mix black and white, and received for answer, "yon think a great deal of it—quite a text to be applied to those who decry the northern amalgamationist, falsely called, and thus horify 'weak and silly women!'"

Fire in Gardiner! Great loss of property!!

This morning our town was visited by the most extensive conflagration ever known here. The whole of the mills on the lower dam, together with three dwellings and two shops, and an immense mass of lumber have been destroyed.

The Northern end of the Bridge across the stream at the Grist Mill was completely enveloped in flames, and it was only by cutting it off at the other extremity, that they were prevented from communicating to the buildings on the lower street.

The fire was first discovered about 2 o'clock A. M. The two upper mills were, however, enveloped in flames.

Among the greatest losers are R. H. Gardner, Esq., loss estimated at from 15 to \$20,000; Messrs. Deane, Bowman & Swan, \$4,000; Shaw & Sheldon, \$2,500; Cook & Shaw, \$1,500; Wing & Bates, \$1,000; Dinsmore & Co., \$1,000. The whole loss is variously estimated at from thirty to forty thousand dollars.

The other losers are Win. Day, dwelling house, valued at \$350; Newall Day, dwelling house, \$350; Tibbets, dwelling house, \$300; John Maxwell, shop, \$250; Abel Thompson, shop, loss unknown.

The origin of the fire is as yet unknown; but the better opinion seems to be that it was caused by friction—some of the machinery having been left running during the night.

The stationary water power engine being directly opposite the mill in which the fire first occurred, of course could not be used. The three others however were promptly on the ground and did good service. Two engines from Augusta and one from Hallowell, upon notice of the fire, volunteered their services, but did not arrive until the fire was nearly at an end.

We have just learned that the amount of \$700 was insured on two of the dwelling houses burned, and \$400 on the shop of Mr. Abel Thompson in the Rockingham Co. On the remainder of the property there was no insurance.

The mills were usually operated by night, but they being necessary to perform some repairs upon those above, the water had been stopped at the upper mills and those on the lower had not been in operation for the last twenty-four hours.

It is a matter of congratulation that in such an extensive conflagration no lives were lost and no serious accident occurred. We hear of but very few personal injuries and those but slight ones. Though the loss has fallen heavily on the sufferers, yet it is far from being sufficiently severe to cause them for a moment to suspend their usual business operations.—[Yankee Blade Extra, Aug. 16]

FOREIGN NEWS.

Arrival of the Acadia.

The Steamship Acadia arrived at this port yesterday afternoon, about 3 o'clock, bringing London and Liverpool dates to the 4th inst. The Britannia arrived on Sunday the 27th ult.

The proceedings of both Houses of Parliament present but few topics which call for notice. It is stated by the Ministerial papers that the regular business of the Parliament will probably be disposed of by the end of the first week in August, that Parliament, however, will not then be prorogued, but the session be continued by adjournment to the 24th of August. The object of this arrangement is said to be to afford time for receiving the report of the Judges and making up the judgment of the House of Lords on the writ of Error brought in by Mr. O'Connell and his fellow-prisoners.

The King of Saxony has been paying a visit through England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, inspecting all the great national and private establishments. He left Great Britain on the 31st ult. for his own dominions.

The Irish Protestants appear to have taken alarm at Sir Robert Peel's statements on the subject of education in Ireland.

The 26th of July, at the moment when the King of Prussia was about to set out on a journey, an assassin named Tschack, burgomaster at a little village some leagues from Berlin, fired a pistol. The ball glanced off the King's breast without doing any mischief. The King continued his journey. The assassin was arrested. He fired two barrels, and the Queen, who was in the carriage, would have been struck by one, had she not leaped back.

The Universal German Gazette states that 24 persons lost their lives in the riots at Prague on the 19th ult.

A letter from Dresden states that since the recent riots at Prague, letters arriving at Dresden from Bohemia are almost all opened by the authorities, and re-sealed with the imperial arms.

Advices from St. Petersburg of the 12th of July, state that no improvement had taken place in the health of the Grand Duchess Alexandra. Her life continues to be despaired of. The coronation of Oscar, King of Sweden, had been fixed for the 21st of August.

France still continues the war with Morocco. Marshal Bugeaud, on the 22d of July, had his headquarters at three leagues from Oudja, and was continuing to burn the villages and destroy the crops on the Morocco territory. The same day (22d) the Marshal sent dispatches of a most pressing nature to the Prince de Joinville. The French army is well provided with provisions, and in high spirits.—Reinforcements are in active preparation.

According to the National, the French government has given orders to the Prince de Joinville to establish a strict blockade along the whole coast of Morocco, and to seize and sink all the ships belonging to the Emperor's navy.

Accounts from Gibraltar of the 21st July announce the return of the Prince de Joinville from Cadiz on the 19th.

A letter from Bologna of the 27th July, announces the execution of Signor Gardinghi on the preceding day by sentence of court martial. He was shot in the back. His execution had excited a most painful sensation, but little calculated to allay the ferment that seems to prevail throughout Italy. [See

FROM CAPE HAYTIAN.—Captain Hardy of brig Southern, at this port from Cape Haytien, on Monday evening, which place he left August 1, reports that the government of Hayti is in a very unsettled state. The Spanish part of the island is continually in a state of rebellion against the government, and at war with themselves. A few days previous to the departure of Captain H., the Danish brig Lucy arrived from Port au Prince with 100 of the inhabitants of that place, having been obliged to leave on account of the disturbance. There was an army collecting at the Cape to march into the Spanish part of the island. The President intends to make a tour through the island, and was daily expected at the Cape. Some people are of opinion that his visit to the different towns will have a tendency to stop the disturbances which daily occur in all parts of the island. Owing to the revolution the coffee crop has been very much neglected, and that article has become very scarce and high. Copper is now worth \$14.25 Haytian money; duties, cost of buy and other expenses will make it cost \$6.12 1-2 Spanish on board.

DISASTER TO TWO ENGLISH STEAMSHIP TAY.—Though aware two days ago, on the arrival of the Elizabeth J. of the following intelligence relative to the loss of the steamship Tay, we forbore allusion to it till such time as we could ascertain from some of her passengers who have passed through this city, the whole truth. It is with no ordinary astonishment that we learn the following (as the passengers say) facts:—Almost immediately preceding the striking of the Tay, on the Colorado Reef, the passengers were seated at the dinner table, at which also were the officers of the steamship, and a toast was at that very moment proposed, in honor of the Captain's pleasant trip to the Havana, when she struck, at about five o'clock in the afternoon. She was the sleek, that top of the dinner table was broken from its legs, and the dishes and the top of the table, &c., thrown to the other extremity of the cabin. This was, as they state, at five o'clock in the afternoon. It seems that some time previously, the man at the mast head had given notice to the person in charge of the deck, that he could see the reef, and that the vessel, if struck on that course would strike. "Let her strike and be d—d, I'll steer the course given to me." The result of the dinner party, and the self-willness of the officer in charge, was, the striking of the reef. Next came a mutiny of a portion of the men, refusing to do duty unless better fed, and that too with the cabin stores. A portion, however, did aid subsequently in throwing overboard 600 flasks of quicksilver, the bulk of the provisions, all the spare pieces of machinery, and everything else calculated to lighten her. Through the aid of a British man-of-war schooner, and a Spanish steamship, she was finally got off, and is now in Havana, leaking badly, and is much injured. The passengers have addressed a letter representing these facts more in detail, to the proper authorities in Great Britain, which has been already forwarded. It should not have noticed these statements were not true, for the fact of the ocean steam navigation, which the stranding of H. B. M. steamer Tay, at five o'clock in the afternoon, has hitherto all series of ill luck happening to the vessels of that West India mail line, but at no time has the evil result of carelessness been more manifest.—[Philad. U. S. Gazette.]

FEARFUL ACCIDENT.—On Friday night three men were swept out of life in a moment, being overwhelmed by a deluge of water, while working, nearly three hundred feet under ground, at the bottom of a coal mine, near Pottsville. Their names are Henry Fox, Jonathan Nixon and John Rickett. The mine belongs to Messrs. Milnes & Spencer, and is what is called Spohn's tract.

The accident is described as having been sudden and startling; the man at the engine heard a rumbling, rushing noise; the engine stopped, and the buildings trembled as if convulsed by an earthquake. In a minute all was quiet again. He attempted to descend into the mine, and found in them about three hundred feet under ground. It is supposed that the water must have forced itself through a fissure in the slate.

The proprietors have sunk new pumps and are actively engaged in pumping out the water; it will however, in all probability be at least two months before this will be effected, and the bodies of these unfortunate men found. We understand that they have all left families.

At this stage it is impossible to estimate the amount of damage to the proprietors, but independent of loss of life, it is presumed that, to clear and fit these mines for working will cost not less than five hundred dollars. About twelve years ago two men were drowned from a similar accident at this colliery, worked above water level.—[Boston Bee.]

Poetry.

For the Farmer.

The Last Rose.

Heard ye the knell that the flower-bells rang?
Heard ye the requiem the soft sphyra sang,
As the breeze in its sorrow sighed mournful and low?
Know ye what has passed from this valley of woe?
Tis the last rose of summer—its color hath fled,
Its leaves all lie scattered—tis one of the dead.

Saw ye the tear that from Nature's eye fell?
Heard ye the moan that the wailing winds swell?
Know ye what they weep for, or why those tears flow?
Know ye what, by Death, in its bloom is laid low?
Tis the last rose of summer—its color hath fled,
Its leaves all lie scattered—tis one of the dead.

There is joy in the garden where cool breezes flow,
And Flora is cheered as the notes sweetly flow;
But there is a charm wanting—the rose is not there
To breathe its perfume on the soft, balmy air;
For its time have all faded—its odor hath fled,
Its leaves all lie scattered—tis one of the dead.

Kear's Hill.

A Courtship Song.

The parlors both are occupied,
And every other spot;
By couples who are courting seem—
And yet perhaps they're not.
There are some that court on tapestries,
And some on the stairs;
And lovingly whisper low,
Of fashions or the weather;
Some court within the vestibule,
And some upon the stairs;
And many court on ottomans,
And very few on chairs.

And openly, without disguise,
Is all the courting done,
No matter whether on the stairs,
The gas-light or the sun;
And so destitute are they still
Of the state of things to prove,
The more that visitors come in,
The more they will not move.
But there they sit and persevere,
In spite of heat and glare,
And people that on business come,
Have very little care.

And some court at the checker board,
While others court at chess;
(Though chess-players cannot be in love
So much as they profess.)
There are some that at back-gammon court,
Half hid behind a column,
And some would even court at whist,
Were not the game so solemn;
There are some that promenade as if
They never meant to stop,
And some that think it policy
To institute a loop.

This courting of the young folks
Is a pretty sight to see,
But the courting of the married ones
Had better never be.
Success to all whose hearts are fixed
On objects right and true;
We wish, with them, that they could make
A shorter courtship do.

I'm always glad when any friend
Invites me out to tea,
For 'tis very dull to stay at home,
With no one courting me.

Song by a Sailor at the helm.

The moon shines bright,
And the waves bonnie light,
As the stag bounds over the sea;
We love the strife
Of the sailor's life,
And we love our dark blue sea.

Now high, now low,
To the depths we go,
Now rise on the surge again;
We'll make a track
Over the ocean's back,
And play with his hoary mane.

Fearless we face
The storm in the chase,
When the dark clouds fly before it;
And meet the shock
Of the dread strife,
Though death breathes hotly o'er it.

Miscellaneous.

From Graham's Magazine.

Poor Genevieve.

BY JAMES R. PAULDING.

Shortly after the conclusion of the late war, a gentleman, distinguished as a scholar, a wit, and a politician, who stood high in the walks of literature, and had risen to the most dignified offices by his talents and worth, was proceeding up the Mississippi in one of the first steamboats that ever plied on the bosom of that mighty stream. He was a self-made and self-sustained man, somewhat past the period of blooming youth; but his person was striking, his countenance highly intellectual, his manners polished by intimate intercourse with society, his voice exceedingly melodious, and his eye capable of discarding most eloquent music. During the course of the voyage, which was not in the most favorable season of the year, he became gradually indisposed, and finally so ill that at his own request, he was put on shore at one of those little old French villages, between the mouth of the Ohio and St. Louis, whose size bears no proportion to their age, and whose growth is so slow that, like the current of a stagnant stream, it is next to impossible to tell whether they are advancing backward or forward. The agitation of removal, and the heat of a summer day, so aggravated his disease, which was a bilious fever, that he became partially delirious, and, being without a servant, might have fared but indifferently, a stranger in a strange place, had not an elderly lady, who happened to be looking out at a neighboring window, been charitable enough to have him conducted, or rather carried to her house. Here he was placed in bed, and immediately attended by a physician, who administered to him so successfully, that the next morning his delirium had subsided into one of those low desperate fevers, so harassing to the constitution, so difficult to cure. His returning consciousness disclosed to him the form of one of those ministering angels called woman, sitting at his bedside, as if waiting an opportunity to present his medicine, or perform some kind office. The sick traveller at first took it for a vagary of his brain, but, after rubbing his eyes and gazing awhile, recognized a female, with a cap such as French attendants generally wear, a plain gown, and a black silk apron, with a sweet, gentle, and expressive face, apparently bearing the impression of deep solicitude. Perceiving him to be awake, she inquired, in a voice of exquisite melody, if he wanted anything. Instead of answering the question, the sick man, whom I shall call Hartland, though that was not his real name, asked two or three others, in a low, feeble tone—

"Where am I—and who are you?"

"You are in St. —, and I am poor Genevieve, your servant—can I do any thing for you, sir?"

"O, a nurse there has provided for me, I suppose," thought Hartland; "I shall therefore stand on no ceremony with her. My good girl, I will thank you for a glass of something to quench my thirst—I am burning up, I believe."

Genevieve took his hand, and, after holding it a little while, laid it softly down on the bed,

saying, as if to herself, "It does indeed burn like a fire." The touch of her hand was so soft, that Hartland could tell that she pined him with all her heart. At this moment the physician came, and our traveller recognized in him an old acquaintance, a senator whom he had known at Washington, and a very eminent man in his profession. He felt extremely grateful at having so gentle a nurse, and so able a physician. Yet his recovery was so slow that it did no great credit to either nurse or doctor, for it was nearly six weeks before his fever was fairly broken.

During that time he relapsed more than once, and there were periods when all, and himself among the rest, despaired of his recovery. Day and night Genevieve was his attendant, he might almost say his guardian angel. If he opened his languid glassy eyes in the day, she was sitting by his bedside; and if he asked for any thing at night, he was administered to by her gentle hand, and soothed by her gentle voice. At such times he was occasionally puzzled by a vague perception that he had somewhere seen her before; but it passed away, like a dream, when, with all his efforts, he could neither recall the time nor the occasion. More than once he thought he saw her wiping tears from her eyes, as he awakened from his miserable intervals of partial oblivion; but he ended in being convinced that it was a mistake, since what was she to him or he to her? Genevieve had said she was his nurse; "Poor Genevieve!" she was therefore hired for her services, and her attentions were to be repaid in money. Still his soul could not resist the sacred impulse of gratitude, and he promised before his Maker that, whether he lived or died, he would make her ample amends.

At length he became convalescent, and, in proportion as he recovered, Genevieve gradually relaxed in her attendance, which was now supplied by a male servant. Hartland was a little hurt at this, and indeed seriously missed the soft voice, and gentle, compassionate look of Genevieve. "I suppose her month is up," thought he, in a pet, "and she is waiting to be engaged for another." Still Genevieve came sometimes, though not so often as before; and Hartland, being now recovering from a state of almost infant helplessness, began to study her a little more attentively. There was something about her that puzzled him. Though dressed like a waiting maid, her appearance and demeanor did not seem to belong to that class, and, in the conversations he had with her, he discovered a well-cultivated mind, stored with that polite information becoming in a well-bred woman. Every thing she said or did exhibited a quiet, lady-like simplicity and decorum. There was also something in her deportment toward him so different from that which usually exists between the nurse and the patient, that Hartland half the time did not know how to behave himself, but she always declined with a look of humility that sank into his heart. At first he was puzzled, next interested, and finally there stole into his heart one of the softest of all possible feelings for Genevieve, compounded of full-grown gratitude and new-born love.

One day while the doctor was with him, it suddenly occurred to Hartland to inquire where he was, how he came there, and, most especially, to whose kindness he was indebted for such benevolent attentions; hinting at the same time that he presumed it was the doctor who had interposed in his behalf.

"You are mistaken," replied his friend; "I knew nothing of your situation till I found you here."

"I will tell you, for you ought to know, in order to return thanks in the proper place. You are in the house of Mademoiselle de E—, a young lady of French extraction, a great heiress of lands, mines, and what not, extending no one knows where; and, withal, a most beautiful, amiable, accomplished woman. She is a ward of mine, or rather was, for she is now of age, and might have married long ago, but for a singular scruple which she encourages at the risk of passing the remainder of her life in a single blessedness."

"Ah!" rejoined Hartland, who found himself not a little interested about the heiress; "ah! and what may that scruple be?"

"She imagines, or rather fears, it is her great possessions that attract so many admirers wherever she goes; and faith, notwithstanding her beauty and accomplishments, she is probably in the right. She is waiting to be loved for herself alone, and from being almost always surrounded by frivolous or interested admirers, has contracted a sort of contempt, if not aversion, to men, in spite of the feminine gentleness, not to say tenderness, of her disposition, displays itself in a uniform indifference, if not haughtiness, toward almost all those who aspire to her good graces. She once told me she never saw but one man toward whom she felt almost irresistibly attracted, and he treated her as if she was nobody."

"I should like to see her," answered Hartland; "for independent of the obligations I owe her, she must be something of a curiosity. Such humility is not often coupled with wealth, beauty, and accomplishments. But you have not yet told me how I came to be here."

"You were seen by a good old aunt who resides with the young lady, and who happened to be looking out of the window as you were landed in a state of partial delirium. She apprised Mademoiselle de E— of the circumstances, who immediately gave directions to have you brought here."

"Upon my word, I owe her obligations which I can never repay."

"That is more than you know," said the doctor, smiling.

"I should, however, at least, like to thank her. Where does she hide herself? How happens it I have never by any chance seen, or heard her voice? and when will she permit me to express my gratitude?"

"It would not be etiquette you know," replied the doctor, again smiling with a sweetness I never saw in any other man. "It would not be etiquette for a young lady to visit a young gentleman like you, in his bedchamber. But, in a few days, I shall let you out of the cage, and then you will see her. Take care of yourself; the citadel is inviting, but will cost a long siege, and perhaps not surrender at last."

The doctor then rose to depart, when Hartland, with a degree of hesitation which surprised himself, and the color rising in his pale cheeks, asked—

"But, doctor, now I think of it, who is the gentle, kind, attentive nurse, to whom, I verily believe—meaning no reflection on your skill—I am indebted for my recovery. I owe her

much, and you must put me in some way of expressing my obligations."

"She is paid for her attendance," replied the doctor, carelessly, "and will accept of nothing from you, except what you will not perhaps be willing to bestow."

"What do you mean by that, doctor?"

"Nothing," answered he, as he departed with another significant smile.

Hartland fell into a reverie. The words, "she is paid for her attendance," grated harshly on his ears. He wished it had been voluntary, for then he could have ascribed it to some motive that would have flattered his self-love, or, to do him justice, appealed to his gratitude and affections, and merited a different acknowledgment than mere sordid money. He tried hard to persuade himself that he owed poor Genevieve nothing but her wages, while his heart told him that such attentions as she had paid him could never be bought with gold. But what could the doctor mean by his mischievous smiles, and the equivocal phrase of "she will accept of nothing from you, but what you will not perhaps be willing to bestow on her?" Hartland could make nothing of this, and became bored in a perplexity of thought, from which he was roused by the steps of Genevieve, who entered the room with slow timidity, and asked, in trembling accents, after his health.

"I am quite well, dear Genevieve, thanks to your blessed kindness, which I can never repay."

"My wages are already paid," answered she, with apparent simplicity, "and now that you are quite recovered, I am going away. I came to bid you farewell, to express my wishes for your happiness, and to ask of you sometimes to remember poor Genevieve."

There was something exquisitely touching in her voice, her look, and the dewy lustre of her eyes, as she pronounced these words, which entered the very soul of Hartland.

"Genevieve," said he, "sit down by me, and hear what I am going to say. Nay, I insist upon your being seated, for you have much to hear, and it does not become one who owes his life to you to be seated while you are standing."

"It does not become one like me to be seated in the presence of one like you," replied Genevieve, in a low and thrilling voice of deep humility, as Hartland with respectful violence compelled her to place herself by his side on the sofa.

"Genevieve," said he, "you have saved my life; is there any wish of your heart ungratified, any thing within the power of man to do that will contribute to your happiness, or that of any one dear to you? If there is, I here pledge the soul which was bestowed on me by my Maker, and the life which you have preserved to do what man can do to repay, as far as possible, obligations that can never be cancelled. Tell me, Genevieve—dear Genevieve!—for you are very dear to me—tell me in what way I can prove to you I am not ungrateful? Do not leave me with a load of obligation on my heart that will weigh me down to the earth with a sense of absolute degradation. My life will be comparatively worthless, unless you permit me to consecrate it to your happiness."

"To my happiness!" reiterated the trembling girl. "My happiness does not depend on wealth or benefits. I can accept nothing from you—except your kind remembrance. I am already paid my wages, and my object was simply what I said. I came to bid farewell, and wish you health and happiness."

She was rising to go, but Hartland detained her.

"Genevieve, you do not, or will not comprehend me. I love you, sincerely, tenderly, faithfully."

"And you prove it by this insulting me?"

"Insulting you, Genevieve! Do you take me for such a wretch? Is such a declaration insulting?"

"From one like you to one like me, it is more than insulting—it is degrading to one, dishonorable in the other. But it is time I should go, if I wish to preserve, as a source of future gratification, the remembrance of having humbly administered to the wants of one who has repaid by wishing to degrade me."

Again she made an effort to leave him, but Hartland detained her.

"In the name of Heaven, what do you mean, Genevieve?—what do you suspect, that you thus reproach me with insulting and degrading you? Do you think me such a brute and villain as to do one or the other? Is the proffer of a sincere and ardent love from an honest man to a virtuous woman insult and degradation? Is the devotion of a true heart, that I would tear from my bosom if I thought it capable of deceiving or betraying one who has filled it to overflowing with love and gratitude, insult and degradation?"

Those alone who have seen Hartland in the halls of legislation mowing down hearts with his irresistible eloquence, can judge of the effect of his words on Genevieve.

"Tell me—tell me, Genevieve," added he, "what you think and what you fear?"

"Are you not the great orator, statesman, author? Is not your name on every tongue, your words in every mouth? Do you not stand high among the highest of your country, and may you not aspire to be still higher? and am I not a menial without wealth, name, or family to render me worthy of your honors?—No, sir—I understand you but too well. You would—would you—burst into tears, and could proceed no further."

"I would make you my wife," cried Hartland, with a tone and expression that could not be mistaken. "My dear, dear wife, to live with me and be my love forever."

"What, poor Genevieve!" almost shrieked she. "Me—your nurse—your servant—your —"

"Preserver!" interrupted Hartland. "Yes, I would ensure the happiness of my future life, by sharing it with one who, in her humble garb and humble occupation, has proved to me that neither grace nor dignity, virtue nor refinement, is confined to any situation of life, or dependent on wealth and splendor. Will you consent to trust your happiness with me? Will you be mine forever?"

"Are you really in earnest?" faltered she, with tears and trembling. "What, poor Genevieve!"

"Poor Genevieve!—are you not rich in virtue, grace, and beauty? and is not such a heart and mind as yours worth all the wide lands and rich mines of your mistress, whom I am yet to see and thank for her kindness? Yes, poor Genevieve, I am in earnest—serious and solemn as a man can be at the moment, when the happiness of his life hangs on the decision of a moment."

Genevieve wept as she reclined on his shoulder for a few moments, then started away before he was aware of her intention, and, turning toward him as she retreated through the door a face full of inexpressible tenderness, exclaimed—

"You shall see me again, and receive my answer."

Hartland did not know exactly what to make of all this. But he had felt the heart of Genevieve throb against his side, and seen her parting look. Neither could be mistaken, and he remained in the happy anticipation that all would end as he wished. From this, in the lapse of some hour or two, he was roused by the entrance of Genevieve in her bonnet and cloak, who delivered a message from Mademoiselle de E—, purporting that she desired to see him if he felt himself strong enough to leave his room.

Hartland sought to detain her a moment, for the answer she had promised. But she only replied with a look and accent he could not comprehend, "You will receive it soon from my mistress."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed he in a pet, "what care I for your mistress?"

"But you must care for her, and love her too, for she is far more worthy of your heart than poor Genevieve."

"If I do may not—"

"Hush! do not swear, lest you should swear yourself the next minute. Remember what I say. In less than a quarter of an hour you will forsake poor Genevieve. You will not acknowledge your love for her in the presence of my mistress."

"Come!" cried Hartland, seizing her hand, "lead me at once to your mistress, and put me to the test."

Genevieve did not reply, but led him into a capacious apartment whose windows, reaching to the floor, opened on a terrace overlooking a little river that skirted a green lawn, as it coursed its way to eternal oblivion in the bosom of the great father of waters. No one was there to receive him, and Genevieve immediately left the room, merely saying, "I will tell my mistress you are here." He remained a few minutes looking out on the scene before him, but unconscious of its loveliness, when he was roused by the opening of a door, and turning round perceived a female advancing with hesitating steps and head inclining towards the earth. Her face was entirely hid by a thick veil, which descended below her waist, and prevented the contour of her figure from being seen.

Hartland advanced to pay his compliments, and express his acknowledgments, which he did with his usual grace and fluency. But the lady made no reply, and for a few moments seemed greatly agitated. At length she slowly put aside her veil, and at once disclosed the face of Genevieve, glowing with blushes of modest apprehensive delicacy, her eyes cast down and her bosom swelling with emotion. In an instant he comprehended all.

"Genevieve!" he exclaimed, "is it possible?"

"Yes," answered the well remembered, persuasive, gentle voice which had so often soothed his pains, and quieted his impatience in the hours of sickness. "Yes, once poor Genevieve, your nurse—now rich and happy Genevieve, for now she has found in the man she would have selected from all the world, one who loves her for herself alone. Hartland, dear Hartland, will you forgive me? It is the last time I will ever deceive you."

Hartland was not obdurate, and the forgiveness was accorded by folding Genevieve in his arms, and imprinting on her lips the first, sweetest kiss of love.

"How can I ever repay you for your gentle cares to a stranger?" at length he said.

"By always remembering and loving poor Genevieve. But you are not so much a stranger as you think. No one in this wide land is ignorant of your name; but I—I am an old acquaintance."

"You, Genevieve?"

"Yes, I see I must humble my vanity, by introducing myself to your notice. Do you remember travelling North about ten years ago, and accidentally falling in company with the family of Mr. M—, a Creole gentleman, consisting of his wife and his niece, a little girl scarcely eleven, and very small for that age? Yes—well I was that little girl; but you know it is the fashion among us to consider tiny women like me not as angels, but no-bodies. I was not named to you, nor do I know that you ever heard me called by any name but Jenny. At all events, you took no other notice of me than sometimes to pat my head in passion, and once—I shall never forget it—you stooped down and gave me a kiss, in sport. I had often heard you spoken of in terms that called forth my admiration, and that kiss was never forgotten. You don't know how early the flower begins to bud in our spring. We parted, you to forget, I to remember you forever. I knew you the moment you were brought hither; and now you have my history. This humble person, and all that I inherit, is yours, and be assured, I will forgive your infidelity should you forsake your humble nurse, poor Genevieve, for her mistress."

"Forsake poor Genevieve!" cried Hartland. When I do, may my tongue become mute, and my mind a desert. No! dearest girl, I must without memory and without gratitude, when I forgot her who hovered, and watched, and sometimes wept—was it not so, sweet Genevieve?—over the dark days and nights of my pain and weakness, and whom I more than once imagined I must have known in some previous state of existence, for I could not divert myself at times of the impression that I had somewhere seen you before. No, my loved one, should you ever, in your journey through life, perceive, or fancy you perceive, any diminution of my love, you have only to dress and look as you did at my bedside, and become poor Genevieve again, to retrieve my heart, once more and forever."

"Ah, me!" exclaimed she. "I must make up my mind to always have a formidable rival. But I will try to reconcile myself to the calamity, and be content to share your heart with poor Genevieve."

Just at that moment the doctor came in, and, seeing how matters stood, at the first glance, began good humoredly to banter his friend.

"Well, Hartland, the mystery is disclosed, I perceive. You first fell in love with the nurse, and have deserted her for the mistress. The exchange is very sensible, judicious and prudent."

"It is no exchange, doctor. She shall always be poor Genevieve to me—the object of my unchanging love, and eternal gratitude."

Genevieve looked at the doctor with a smile of proud consciousness, which he returned with one of approving affection. The good doctor

passed from this world but a little while ago, and when he died, the suffering victims of poverty, disease and sorrow lost their most benevolent friend—his country, one of her most noble citizens. He united the courage of a hero with the softness of a woman, and joined the most devoted attachment to his native land, with a generous, enlarged philanthropy that comprehended all mankind. He was the friend of the human race, but his countrymen were his brothers.

Genevieve and Hartland still survive. The former has never had any cause to regret her experiment on the disinterestedness of mankind: and the latter, while steadily pursuing a lofty career of honorable ambition, blesses the hour when he yielded to the dictates of love and gratitude. If at any time he seemed to forego the delight of mutual confidence, and the enjoyments of domestic happiness, in the high pursuit of well-earned fame, his wife had only to put on her homely gown, her little nurse's cap, and black silk apron, and become poor Genevieve again, to awaken all his early love, and win him back to the hallowed shrine of home. Yet, strange to say, the rich heiress is not jealous of poor Genevieve. They live together in the most perfect harmony, and it is impossible to say which loves the other best.



Great English Remedy

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION! The time has come when Consumption may be classed with the curable diseases. The most fearful malady has been conquered, and the most fatal of all diseases has yielded at last to the skill of man.

BUCHAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE will speedily and certainly cure Consumption, even in its most hopeless forms, and in all ordinary diseases of the Chest and Lungs; it is the most perfect and admirable remedy known to the civilized world.

The Hungarian Balsam was first discovered by Dr. Buchan, of London, England, and has been tested for six years by the most eminent Physicians in Great Britain, and on the continent of Europe, where it has proved the

GREAT AND ONLY REMEDY.

It has recently been introduced into the United States under the immediate superintendence of the inventor, and is now being speedily and successfully dispensed by the

Chemists, Physicians, Medical Societies, and the great body of consumptive patients, every where, admit that the most important work of the age has been accomplished—Consumption can be cured.

All Paracelsus, Expectorants, Syrups and Drops have been discarded as useless—all systems of Inhalation, Vapor baths, tar, cod-liver oil, and all other remedies have been rejected—and the wonderful product of the Hungarian Gum, obtained from the "Melosago," or tree of life, is now universally received by consumptives, as the

ONLY SOURCE OF HOPE.

Let no person afflicted with a severe and obstinate Cough, Inflammation of the Lungs, Asthma, or any of the symptoms of Consumption, lose a moment of time in seeking relief from this great English Remedy. Delays are dangerous, and all other pretended remedies are not only useless, but fatally delusive.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, not only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a preventive medicine in all cases of colds, coughs, spitting of blood, pain in the side and chest, irritation and soreness of the lungs, bronchitis, difficulty of breathing, hectic fever, night sweats, emaciation and general debility, asthma, influenza, whooping cough and croup.

The great merit of Dr. Buchan's Balsam is this—that in all cases of pulmonary consumption it gives

IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

A single bottle will reveal its astonishing virtues, and open at once the fountain of Health and Strength to the afflicted.

Price of the Balsam only one dollar per bottle, with full Directions, Dissertation on Consumption, Notices, and certificates of Remarkable Cures, &c.

DAVID F. BRADLEE, Sole Agent for the United States, 119, Court Street, Boston.

AGENTS—Augusta, J. E. LADD, Wm. Caldwell; Bangor, D. Bugbee; Belfast, H. G. O. Washburn; Bath, A. G. Page; Bucksport, Barnard & Hill; Brunswick, Dr. Wm. Baker; Calais, J. S. Richards & Co.; Dexter, A. S. French; Eastport, Dr. E. Richardson; Frankfort, James B. Chick; Franklin Village, N. Gilman & Co.; Gardiner, H. Smith & Co.; Hallowell, Samuel Adams; Kennebec, Alex. Warren; Lubec, James Nason; Newburgh, C. D. Gilman; Portland, George Coleman; Rockland, J. H. Avery; Saco, Frederick F. Storer; Shawhegan, A. F. Parlin; Thomaston, T. Fog & Co.; Winthrop, Stanley & Clark; Wiscasset, J. B. Frith; Waterville, R. W. Gray; Wayne, S. C. Moulton.

March 10, 1844. 6m11

Rheumatism cured for 25 cents!

J. ALLDS' VEGETABLE RHEUMATIC PLASTER is now offered to the public with the utmost confidence, as a sure Remedy for this painful disease. Hundreds have been CURED, and are now enjoying life, who had been laid by for months and years, and are ready to give their testimony in favor of this Plaster over all others; and many, who, after having tried every thing else, have been entirely cured by this Plaster. IT IS SOMETHING NEW, and only needs an application to prove itself. Such has been the call for them within six months past, that the proprietor has not been able, at his possession, to supply the demand. He has, in his possession, hundreds of certificates of cures, and of the efficacy of this Plaster. This Plaster not only cures the Rheumatism, but is one of the best remedies for pain in the side, back or limbs, or very strengthening plaster for a weak sinking stomach. There is a bill of directions accompanying every box, and are to be had of the following gentlemen, authorized agents, namely:

Reuben Partridge, Augusta; Nathaniel Shaw, Hallowell; Amey Clark, Gardiner; Alphonso H. Clark, Pittston; Elias Haskell, Jefferson; Caleb Hodgdon, Hodgdon's Mills, Lincoln county; Gentner & Morse, Waldoboro; William Walker, Peru; S. C. Moulton, Wayne; J. B. Fillebrown, Readfield; Samuel Chandler, Winthrop; Noah Bosworth, Canton Mills; John Hersey, Canton Point.

N. B. All communications on account of this Plaster, must be directed to JOHN SAFFORD, 2d, Esq., Monmouth, Maine, (post paid.) General Agent for the State of Maine. Price, per box, 25 cents.

March, 1844. 1f10

Orchard for Sale.

FOR sale, about forty acres of land, on which are growing about 1400 or 1500 prime grafted apple trees, very choice winter fruit, such as Roxbury Russets, Baldwins, and Greenings, mostly of the former. Said orchard is young, and will be growing better for several years. It has borne 650 bushels of apples in one year, and will probably bear from 600 to 1000 bushels, the present year.—It is situated on the farm of Zeke A. Marrow, Esq., adjoining the farm of Zeke A. Marrow, Esq. Said estate may be purchased at a reasonable price on application to Z. A. Marrow, Esq., near the premises, or Capt. James B. Fillebrown, of Winthrop, or the subscriber of Portland.

DAVID ROBINSON. 22-3m

May 30, 1844.

FLOUR.

A FRESH lot of Genesee Flour, just received and for sale low, by J. HEDGE & Co. 19

Augusta, July 25, 1844.

1844. Improved Eagle Ploughs, 1844.

MANUFACTURED BY
Ruggles, Nourse & Mason,
And for sale at the Manufactory in Worcester, and at their
Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,
Quincy Hall, Boston.

RUGGLES, NOURSE & MASON, have added to their extensive assortment of plough patterns, several sizes with new and important improvements, and have by means of machinery, introduced such uniformity in the structure of their ploughs, that all those of the same form and dimensions, all parts of the wood as well as iron, may be replaced with the facility that could not otherwise be attained.

In 1843 the Trustees of the Essex County Agricultural Society, considering the plough the most important implement in agriculture, offered premiums for the best plough, under the direction of a most able committee, consisting of Messrs. Newell, I. W. Proctor, Wm. Safford, J. F. Russell, and Andrew Dodge, Esqrs., a most thorough and persevering trial was had at Salem in October last, occupying two days. The committee in their report say:—"In testing the quality of a plough, the power by which it is moved, the ease with which it is handled, and the manner in which it completes the work, are prominent points for consideration." After giving a statement of the first day's trial, at which there were 17 ploughs presented for trial, giving the names of those who held the ploughs, they say:—"As so much depends on the skill of the person holding the plough, the committee were at a loss to know what proportion of the merits of the work was to be attributed to the plough, and what to the ploughman; and as there appeared in some instances an effort to enlarge the work beyond the natural powers of the plough, the committee requested the competitors each of them to produce two ploughs, one of large and one of medium size, to be tried on a subsequent day; the smaller size to turn a furrow 12 inches wide and 7 inches deep; the larger size to turn a furrow 14 inches wide and 7 inches deep. The examination of these ploughs took place on the 24th of October. The ploughs were held by members of the committee." The following is a copy of their table, showing the comparative amount of power in pounds required to operate the different ploughs:

MEDIUM SIZE PLOUGHS.	
Winslow of Danvers,	462 lbs.
Prouty & Co., Boston,	425 lbs.
Ruggles & Co., Worcester,	412 lbs.
Howard, Hingham,	412 lbs.

LARGE SIZE PLOUGHS.	
Winslow,	512 lbs.
Prouty & Co.,	457 lbs.
Ruggles & Co.,	425 lbs.
Howard,	450 lbs.

In speaking of the Improved Eagle Plough, to which they unanimously awarded the highest premium, they say:—"As far as we can ascertain, this plough combines all the good qualities manifested in either of the others, with some peculiar to itself;" and "further, our attention was particularly called to the quality of the castings on the beams of Ruggles & Co., their finish and durability." "Their appearance certainly is more perfect than we have elsewhere seen." "The process of chipping the points, the entire edge of the share, and flange or base of the land side, gives a permanence and durability to the work that renders it of a decidedly superior character." "And we think there is no hazard in saying the value of the parts thus made, is more than doubled by the process."

At the same Society's Ploughing Match, held at Andover Oct. 3, 1843, where there were forty-four competitors, nine of the ten premiums were awarded to ploughmen using ploughs made by Ruggles, Nourse & Mason.

At the Ploughing Matches held in Massachusetts the same year, forty-three premiums were awarded to ploughmen using ploughs made by R. N. & M. twelve of which were the highest premiums awarded in the counties of Essex, Middlesex, Worcester, Plymouth, and Bristol.

At our Warehouse may be found the most extensive and complete assortment of **AGRICULTURAL and HORTICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS** to be found in the United States, embracing every tool used in the cultivation of the farm and garden. Also a large and well selected assortment of Field, Grass, Garden and FLOWER SEEDS, all of which are offered at wholesale or retail, at prices which cannot fail to suit the purchaser.

Also, **PLOUGH CASTINGS**, for repairing most kinds of ploughs in use.

Dealers supplied on the most liberal terms.

The above **PLOUGHS and CASTINGS** are for sale at the factory prices, by
JOHN MEANS & SON, Augusta.
April 16, 1844. 16

Winnowing and Cleansing Machine.

A NEW MACHINE for Winnowing all kinds of Grain, Corn, Beans, Peas and Grass and Flax Seed, and for separating Oats from Peas, and Cleaning Wheat from Smut and Foul Seed.

It was the intention of the subscriber when he received the patent for this Machine, to have had the whole control of making and selling thereof; but the demand has increased to such extent that he is induced by the solicitation of his friends, to offer the Right for sale in those places where he cannot personally supply the demand. It is believed that this Machine possesses advantages over any other now in use. The size is small, and the whole compact and works easily. It will not only winnow all kinds of grain well, from 25 to 40 bushels per hour, but will also adjusting will clean grain from smut and foul seed, and separate Oats from Peas and winnow Grass and Flax Seed. It is much smaller than the old kind, and made of various sizes. Those to be used with a double horse power Threshing Machine, are made larger and stronger than those for common use. Agents are appointed in different parts of the country, where the Machines may be seen and tried.—These Agents are also authorized to contract for the sale of the Right, and to prosecute any who may infringe upon the same.

Machines constantly on hand of various sizes, at prices from 10 to 13 dollars, and warranted.

JONATHAN BEAN.
Agents, F. A. Butman & Co., Dixmont; Stillman Chalmers, Albion; Joseph Harmon, Thorndike; John Wellington, Esq. Albion; Hiram Whitehouse, Esq. Unity; J. W. K. Newwood, East Camden; E. C. Kimball, Belfast; John Bird, Thomaston; Col. Eben' H. Neil Skowhegan; Hugh McLellan, Brunswick; Columbus Fairbanks, Winthrop.
Montville, August, 1844. 32

CIRCULAR SAWS.

WELCH & GRIFFITH'S Circular Saws 22, 32 and 36 inch; also, Rowland's Mill Saws, warranted and for sale by
LEWIS P. MEAD & Co.
Augusta, May, 1844. 19

BLOOD ROOT PILLS.

DR. SEARS' celebrated Blood Root Pills, FULMONARY COUGH, DROPS, and SYRUP of LIVERWORT, by DILLINGHAM & BICKNELL.
General Agents for the County of Kennebec.
23-Sub Agents supplied at the wholesale prices.
Augusta, June 20. 25